

HORRIBLE TORTURE INFLECTED ON BOY.

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF NEGRO
TO OBTAIN CONFESSION.

CHOKED TILL EYES BULGE

Texas Officers Perform Outrageous
Acts in Their Anxiety to Make
Him Admit Murder—Finally
Rescued by Rangers.

Fort Worth, Tex.—Tortures as diabolical as religious fanatics ever visited upon a heretic having failed to make Monk Gibson, a negro boy, confess the slaughter of Mrs. J. P. Condit and her four children last September, the crime has been laid now upon Felix Powell, another and older negro. Only Gibson's survival of the tortures inflicted upon him led to the discovery of what the author-



The Negro Was Bound to the Floor
and Lashed.

ties believe is positive evidence of the other negro's guilt.

Monk Gibson worked for Condit, and when the family was murdered he rushed breathlessly to the house of a white neighbor and said he had seen a negro chasing Mrs. Condit about the yard. When neighbors reached the house they found the entire family had been murdered most brutally. Blood on Gibson's clothes at once cast suspicion on him.

Gibson said the murderers, who he said he did not know, had dragged him into the house, compelled him to witness the murders, and after wiping blood upon his clothing, had set him free.

The boy was tortured. Stripped and bound to the floor, the lash fell across

his back until the flesh was cut and he fainted, but he remained steadfast in his last statement. He was allowed to recover and was fed well. Again he was "examined." Men wearing large Texas spurs jumped upon his prostrate and bleeding body. He screamed in pain, and begged for mercy. He said he had told all he knew. He prayed aloud in his cell, asking God to assist the officers in their search for the guilty persons, in order that he might be cleared. The authorities did not believe his story. He was tortured again.

This time a noose was prepared and he was strung up until his eyes bulged from their sockets so horribly that even the hardened officers of Texas justice turned away. The boy's tongue protruded from between his swollen lips and he lost consciousness, and when he recovered, still steadfast, he lay near death for weeks.

Gov. Lanham then ordered Texas rangers, under Capt. McDonald, to save the boy from further torture. Officers and guards had started with the boy across country to escape lynching, and the boy escaped. He was taken by a squad of rangers, and Capt. McDonald reached the conclusion that the boy was innocent.

Monk Gibson was indicted on the charge of murder, and his trial was transferred to San Antonio. His neck was saved by the fact that the bloody imprint of a hand on a board of the Condit farmhouse did not correspond to the imprint of his hand.

Capt. McDonald, a veteran Texas ranger, was sent by Gov. Lanham to investigate the murder. The minute he set eyes on Felix Powell and his crooked little finger, misshapen by a felon, McDonald asked for his arrest. The ranger found a bloody shirt hidden under a culvert. It was too large for Monk Gibson and he had blood on the shirt he was wearing when arrested. When McDonald produced the shirt, tied in a bundle, Powell said: "That ain't my shirt!"

"How did you know it was a shirt?" asked the ranger. "Didn't your mother sew on these buttons?"

The negro looked askance and replied: "Maybe she did. Did she say so?"

The plans were laid to take an impression of Powell's hand, and it was through an adroit arrangement that the imprint was secured. Camphor-smoked paper was spread on a table at the window, and then Capt. McDonald asked: "Who is that coon, Felix?" pointing out the window. It was necessary for the prisoner to lean over the table to see in the direction indicated, and in doing this his hand was so placed as to secure the desired imprint. It corresponded exactly with the bloody imprint on the Condit house.

who were at work on a building across the way. An iron worker who was riding on a suspended beam yelled and attempted to attract the attention of the mother, but no attention was paid to his shouts.

Crowds began to gather in the street, but they were afraid to shout for fear they would frighten the child. Margaret seemed to be having the time of her life. Once she laughed so loud that her voice attracted her mother, who turned from Wise, and, on seeing the danger of the child, swooned.

Wise, who is a stockily built man, is anything but athletic, but when he caught sight of the baby, he jumped over a table that stood between him and the window, and was on the ledge in a few seconds. The child's stone cut into his hands and knees, and under his great weight every move was torture. He eventually reached Margaret, and, gathering her up in one arm, crawled slowly back with her. As he disappeared through the window with the baby waving her hand the crowd in the street sent up cheer after cheer, and refused to move until policemen ordered them away.

Man Shot by a Woodchuck.

New Haven, Conn.—George Adams, of Waterbury, lies fatally wounded at the home of Clifford Barnum in Middlebury. Adams was shot by a woodchuck. He went to Middlebury a few days ago on business. The other night with two farmhands and his wife he went in pursuit of a woodchuck which was in a burrow in a lot a quarter of a mile from the Barnum home. The men poured bucket after bucket of water into the woodchuck hole and soon had the animal gasping to keep his head above water at the mouth of the hole. Adams tried to push the woodchuck under the water with the butt of his rifle. As he did so the woodchuck, Adams says, seized the rifle trigger with its claws, discharged the rifle.

Won't Admit It.

Many a man is too stubborn to admit that he is related to the mule.

The Earth's Composition.

Is the earth made up of three concentric spheres? A physicist says that such is the case. The solid nucleus he supposes to be between 3,000 and 7,000 miles in diameter, and this is surrounded by a liquid substratum, outside of which is the crust, variously estimated at 70 to 200 miles in thickness. More than two centuries ago a similar theory, including the slow rotation of the inner solid sphere on a different axis from that of the

entire globe, was held by Dr. Edmund Halley to account for the changes in the earth's magnetism. The axis of the nucleus was thought to have been originally that of the entire globe and the change of its course was attributed to deluge. The earth's internal heat, it is now pointed out, may be accounted for by the friction of the different rotating bodies.

Of the 45,000,000 bullets fired by the Russians during the Crimean war 44,952,900 failed to fulfill their errand

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THE LADY IN THE COAL MINE

As Dan Gronoway, foreman of the colliery was directing the installation of a new wire cable in the tipple, he was signaled by a good-looking, stylishly dressed young woman standing on the track by the box car loader.

"Mr. Gronoway?" she chirruped, extending a gloved hand to the sooty one of the mine boss reluctantly held out.

"The same, ma'am," said Dan, with the air of a man to whom time is money.

"My name is Ethel Hunter," she said, in a friendly way. "I am traveling representative for the Ladies' Delight, a beautiful publication, and when I sell so many copies I get a teachers' course free in the university."

"Yes'm," was the foreman's brief response, as he began edging off. "I want to go down in the mine."

"The de—I mean, yes'm," said Dan, recovering himself.

"When can I go?"

"Ye can't go at all."

"But I have a written order from Mr. Thurston, the manager."

"Then let Mr. Thurston come and show ye around."

The young woman looked with troubled eyes into the stern face of the foreman.

"I heard you were such a nice man," she said.

"They be telling lies on me," returned Dan, though not unkindly.

"But, look a here, Miss—er—"

Hunter.

"Miss Hunter—it's as dark as a stack of black cats down there, and there be mule trains whizzing by every blessed minute, and the cross entries has got water in 'em and there be rats as big as cats."

The young woman burst into tears. Several men had gathered around, during the colloquy and looked sympathizingly at the fair petitioner.

"And I wanted to be a teacher, so as to support my poor old mother and little brothers and sisters!" she sobbed.

A slight framed, wiry man touched the foreman on the arm.

"I'll go with her, Dan," he whispered.

The good samaritan was Jack Richards, a shot firer. The young woman with a big family responsibility wiped her eyes and looked gratefully at the slight framed knight. By a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders Dan indicated the washing of his hands in connection with the whole fool business, and returned to his wire cable.

As the seven o'clock whistle was splitting the air above the engine room of No. 8 the next morning the lady with a mission appeared at the tipple and sought her cavalier. She was attired in a coarse black garment and wore a heavy shawl over her head, but it did not hide seductive little curls which peeped out over the white forehead.

At the bottom Jack filled and handed her a pit lamp, which she took gingerly and transported at arm's length. The shot firer loaded her with advice, which she took with murmurs of gratitude.

When they got out on the far entries, where the miners were at work the lady proceeded to business.

In most of the rooms it was not necessary to go into details about the widowed mother and little children before the dollar came for the Ladies' Delight. Where they didn't have the money, she took an order on the treasurer. Not a man balked. It would look mean, they thought, to turn down a handsome lady who had defied the horrors of the underground world to visit them.

The woman solicitor had a way of talking which made each man think she had gone down on purpose to see him. They had never heard of the Ladies' Delight, and wouldn't have known it from an almanac of the vintage of '76, but they did know this young woman knew how to talk, and that she was brave and pretty.

At the end of the second day, when a complete haul had been made in the mine, Miss Hunter turned to her escort.

"I guess you think it funny, Mr. Richards," she said, "that I go down in the mine after men to sell them a woman's paper rather than see their wives, who are up on earth."

"It did look a little odd at first," replied the shot firer, "but I believe I know the reason now."

The lady smiled.

"I began in the mines of Wyoming," she said, "and then through Kansas. I've been in every mine in this district. Out there at 61, where they employ Italians and negroes who can't read, over half of them subscribed. If I'd work them on top I wouldn't have taken six subscriptions. Now, you've been good to me, my friend, and I—"

"Don't mention it," said Jack, backing off.

She was reaching into her handbag where she kept her money.

"Yes, sir," she said, firmly, "I will. You've been with me two whole days now, and I know the time of a gentleman of ability is worth something. Here—take this."

She handed him a small, square package, neatly tied up. The shot firer thanked her warmly and assisted her into the cab which was waiting for her. Then he opened his present. It was a picture of the young woman who was gaining underground for a college course.—N. Y. Sun.

WILLY'S VOICE

By JOSEPH BAUGHER

(Copyright, by Joseph H. Bowles.)

Willie Dodge, just turned 13, was not only the pride of his family, he was the admiration of the community at large.

He trilled like a bird, or what is more to the purpose, he sang like a prima-donna, and all who heard him marveled at his wonderful voice. He possessed much girlish beauty, and he had the gentlest of dispositions which no amount of adulation could spoil.

The many flattering professional offers made him were peremptorily rejected by his family. They coddled the boy as carefully as they nursed his voice.

His uncle, Mr. Robert Triggs, the wealthy proprietor of several large auction stores in the city, had made Willie his special care. Mr. Triggs intended (when the time came) that his nephew should study under the best masters abroad, but, in the meantime, he should learn all he could from local talent.

No expense was to be spared to make Willie the greatest of modern tenors; that he would be anything else never, for a moment, was entertained by Mr. Triggs, who had said, more than once, that Heaven's greatest gift to man was a lyric tenor voice, that a bass voice was a necessary evil, and that a deep-toned woman was a visitation of Providence.

Willie had learned from the village music teacher all the latter had to teach, and began preparations for his trip abroad. The event was celebrated by a musical entertainment tendered Willie by the members of the First Congregational church. The concert came off on the eve of the boy's departure, and Mr. Triggs had brought a score of musical friends from the city to attest the wonderful quality of his nephew's voice.

The church was crowded, and everything passed off more than satisfactorily until the third number of the second part of the programme. Then something happened: Willie's voice had gotten away from him. While he was in the middle of an elaborate Wagnerian air his voice suddenly leaped three bars over the clef! It lingered there for an instant, and then as suddenly dived below it. After see-sawing in this manner for nearly a minute, Willie sat down, followed by—silence.

Some thought that the bellows had burst, others that the organ pipes were out of joint, but Mr. Triggs, who was an authority, raised his hand.

"The boy's voice has changed," he said; "and that's all there is about it."

The gloom that settled over Sunnyville that night was not lifted for many months; and even to this day the wonderful gymnastics that Willie's voice went through that night are not referred to without a shudder.

Willie was entirely oblivious, strange to say, to that which to everyone else was painfully evident, for he continued in the choir, notwithstanding the many hints that his resignation would be accepted, and that he should be reinstated whenever his voice had established itself upon a less uncertain basis. But he did not take the hint, until one night at rehearsal 'Squire Bishop, the bass, took him aside.

"Your voice is the most wonderful thing in the world, Willie," he said. "One can never tell what it's going to do next. One minute it's ballooning above high C, and the next it's grubbing under low G. Why don't you adapt it to a sliding scale?"

"That's right, Willie," said Mr. Trainer, the tenor, who had overheard Mr. Bishop. "But if you can only manage to blend those two voices of yours I'll advertise you as the great and only duetist on earth. I'll take you on the road and make your fortune." Before the tenor could finish he lay sprawling under a bench, while Willie, with hands clenched and eyes ablaze, stood glaring at the bass.

"Look here, 'Squire Bishop," he squeaked, "I've stood this thing just about as long as I intend to stand it. And if you or any other man says a word to me about my voice (here his tones soared skyward) I—I will—so help me Bob, I will (now his voice came from the depths) I'll punch his head!"

In the meanwhile Mr. Triggs was waiting with not a little impatience for the day when Willie "with a tenor note would soothe the souls in Purgatory." [See "Aux Italiens," by Owen Meredith] a day which, however, never came, for Willie's voice one night resolved itself into the deepest kind of a most untuneful bass.

Woman Soldier's Epitaph.

The following extraordinary, though little known epitaph may be seen on a tombstone in Brighton (England) Old churchyard, on the east side of the path leading from the south porch:

"In memory of Phoebe Heasel, who was born at Stepney, in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the Fifth regiment of foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the time of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV., by whom she received comfort and support in her later years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12, 1821, aged 108 years."